# THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

## NUMBER III.

### BRITANNIA TO HER SONS.

AWAKE! awake! my warlike sons,
Prepare to meet your subtle foe:
Gird on your arms; bestride your steeds,
And forward to the battle go.
Beware of sleep, my sons, beware,
And not on conscious strength rely;
The lordly Monarch of the plains
By a weak child, surpris'd, may die.
Arise! my sons, arise!
To battle go, and crush the foe:
Rush forward, and he dies.

Stern BONAPARTE, dark fiend of hell,
His gloomy thoughts foll well I know;
On equal terms, he will not dare
Encounter with a British foe.
He fondly hopes, some traitor fools
Will take him, viper, to their breast;
Or, lull'd in false security,
To stab you in the bed of rest.
But, Britons, know, death waits
On those who vipers nurse, or sleep,
While France is at their gates.

Hail, glorious sight! What visions bright
Upon my soul, prophetic, pour!
A Gallic Host by stealth is come,
And foes in thousands line my shore:
When lo! a gallant wakeful band
Th' alarm has sounded far and wide;
My warlike sons, throughout the land,
Rush forth array'd in martial pride.
Th' Invaders, pale with fear,
See death assail their battle's front,
And ruin in their rear.

E'en hoary age, and beardless youth,
Inspir'd with martial ardour burn:
On ev'ry side the foe is press'd—
In vain he wishes to return.
In awful pomp, behind him plac'd,
My sea-borne thunder rends the skies;
Down sink his ships beneath the waves,
Or hurl'd on high, in fragments rise.
Then shouts of victory,
From ev'ry hill and dale resound,
Great Britain, GEORGE, and Victory.

Full on the foe, with headlong rage,
The British Heroes boldly pour;
The Gauls advance like hungry wolves,
My children furious lions are:
The thunders roar—the lightnings flash—
The earth is bath'd in floods of gore:
The haughty foe are laid full low,
And, dying, curse the British shore.
Then shouts of victory
From ev'ry hill and dale resound,
Great GEORGE, and Victory!

*Morning Post.*

## CONSIDERATIONS
### FOR AND AGAINST
## THE PROBABILITY OF INVASION.

AT a time when the minds of men are generally agitated by the expectation of the hostile attempts of the enemy, it may not be improper to examine the probabilities on both sides, so as to enable our Readers to draw their own conclusions.

FOR THE INVASION.

It has always been the grand object with France to atchieve the conquest of Great Britain. It was such under the old Monarchy. Encouragement and emoluments were held forth by Louis XIV. and even by his predecessors, to those politicians who could propose the most efficacious means for this object; and plans are now to be found in the archives of France for its accomplishment. To BONAPARTE (whose views obviously tend to universal domination) the object is increased in a tenfold proportion, since this Country

AGAINST THE INVASION.

THE Invasion of England is a most difficult and hazardous undertaking; it was so at all times, even when our naval force was much less than it is; and of the numerous plans presented to Louis XIV. by the Jacobites and others, not one was found practicable. What was difficult at that period is infinitely more so at present, when the nation is completely united, when no faction is to be found ready to assist the plans of the First Consul, when our naval force is ten times greater than it formerly was, when vessels of war

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Country is the only one among the European Powers, which presents an obstacle to the full accomplishment of his wishes.

Bonaparte has at present an immense army (not less than half a million of men) on foot; and he has an unlimited power of increasing it by arbitrary conscriptions. Bonaparte has no regard to the lives of men. He shewed this at the battle of Lodi, and when he poisoned his sick soldiers in Syria. Every *true Frenchman* that is killed, rids him of an enemy. He can spare men, and he will not consider the danger to which he exposes them. The present Military Establishment of France is more than the country can bear. He cannot support his army, and therefore he must endeavour to employ it.

Bonaparte can hurt this Country in no other way than by invading it. His army is at present totally useless; and therefore there is the utmost probability that he will employ it in the only way in which he can injure that enemy whom he mortally detests, and who is the sole check upon his vast ambition.

He has pledged himself to the invasion; and he will incur ridicule and contempt (which his spirit cannot brook) if he does not attempt to put his threats in execution.

of every size and burthen are dispersed over the Channel, and the French and the Dutch harbours virtually in a state of blockade.

It must be an immense army indeed that could effect any thing at present in England. An invading enemy has every disadvantage to encounter; they have the difficulty of the voyage, and of keeping together; they have the difficulty of landing, which may be always successfully opposed with a smaller force. Great Britain has at this time nearly two millions of men in arms, or ready to take arms. At least half a million of these may be accounted good soldiers, and the mass of the people would contribute perhaps not less than the men in arms to impede the motions of the enemy. With less than 200,000 men, therefore, it would be madness to make the attempt.

Considering that on the smallest computation, and supposing them to embark even in open boats, the armment to convey them would cover a surface of water of upwards of 60 square miles. It would be difficult to procure vessels; and still more difficult to prevent them being burnt and destroyed in their very ports by our daring seamen; and when at sea, how is such an immense number of vessels to escape the vigilance of our cruizers?

Bonaparte has a difficult card to play. He has pledged himself to come in person; and indeed what General can he trust with such an immense army; or would the soldiers be content to come without him? If then he does not come himself, he will have unnumbered evils to encounter; and if he does, let him look to what remains behind; let him look to plots there, and insurrections against his tyrannical government, which is detested in France.

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Though the conscripts and new levies may be adverse to the attempt, the old soldiers, who are really starving and in rags, will not be against any plan that promises to relieve them from their present distress; and such we find by the most authentic evidence, to be the sentiments of the French soldiery at present.

The Liberty of the Press being entirely destroyed in France, the People and the Army are kept completely in the dark; they see neither the difficulty nor the danger, and therefore he has it in his power to persuade them to any thing, however desperate.

Though the other European Powers may at present stand in awe of his immense force, yet if that force was lessened by such an expedition as we have been describing, is it probable they would remain quie? Is it probable the EMPEROR can forget the injuries and insults he has received? Of the Northern Powers it would be premature at present to say any thing.

The Liberty of the Press (which in France is annihilated) has effected wonders in exciting the spirit of *this Country*, and has made us an *armed Nation*. Satisfied with their good and venerable Sovereign, and with an honest Constitutional Ministry, there is no sacrifice which the People of England are not prepared to make; and if the enemy *could possibly* effect the landing even of the immese force we have mentioned, (200,000) they would still be unable *to effect the* CONQUEST.

*Times.*

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## OBSERVATIONS ON *MILITARY SPIRIT.*

MUCH at present is said about creating a military spirit in the people of this country. Not satisfied with taking measures for our present security, we carry our views to a distance, and propose to place the nation beyond the reach of all future danger, by creating for it an impregnable defence in the disposition of its inhabitants. A country is indeed poorly secured which wants this defence; and we should have little confidence in the measures pursued to preserve us, if we thought that the spirit of courage and of manhood remained to be created among us. It is undoubtedly true, that in no country, and at no time, ought effectual means be omitted to cherish and direct that spirit, not merely against foreign aggression, but as one important part of the moral culture, which it is one of the first duties of the government to provide for the people. The man who is a coward, who wants the spirit to defend himself, and the country which feeds him, and which contains all those who have benefited or who love him, is deficient in as essential a quality of a good man, as he who wants the essense of justice or of gratitude. And we may lay it down as a position, that in whatever country any considerable proportion of the inhabitants is thus depraved, a bad government, and a bad education, have produced their last and most fatal effects, the corruption of the moral sentiments of the people.

As is usual on all occasions, we find crude ideas, notions taken up with scarce any considerations of the subject,

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by far the most frequent, even among those presented to the public in the present case. The necessity of the military spirit is a fine popular topic, and people advance any thing under protection of its fascinating influence, without having ever put the question to themselves what the military spirit means. They of course propose many things for raising the military spirit which have nothing to do with that spirit. According to some speculators, a great part of the military spirit consists in the contempt of riches; and we have lost our military spirit, they say, from the love of stocks, and of manufactures. It would seem from these representations, that the first step toward obtaining that desired spirit would be to strip ourselves of our riches and manufactures. In that case we should think a French invasion by no means to be resisted; since we are fully persuaded that of all possible means to that end, this would be the most expeditious, and the most effectual. We should afterwards be nobly secure against any future invasion; since we would be sure to have all the heroism and all the spirit which poverty could bestow upon us. We are of opinion, on the other hand, that the more a man has to defend, the more eager will he be to defend it, and the greater number of resources will he be able to find to assist him in the defence. We should be sorry to think, that, twenty years hence, our country should not be richer than it is at present; and we have no apprehension that courage will not, as it has hitherto done, keep pace with the knowledge and morality which shall be disseminated amongst the people.

Most of those who talk about the military spirit confound two things, which are very distinct, the spirit of manhood, of independence, of heroic defence, with the spirit of restless or needy adventure. The greater part of the military bands, who make a figure in history, are of the latter description. Of course their spirit and their habits come very naturally to be regarded by superficial observers, as exclusively the military spirit and habits. The object of these bands has much more frequently been to harrass and molest their neighbours from the desire of plunder, or from what they call the love of glory, than to defend themselves from unjust aggression. Undoubtedly men rich and happy at home, are not the fittest for this occupation. And the story of Lucullus's soldier, who fought like a madman when he had lost his purse, but wished to be quiet when he had filled his pocket with rewards, applies to them accurately. But though Lucullus's soldier did not care for fighting to gain a purse when he had got one already, no doubt he would have fought as desperately as ever to preserve what he had.

The spirit of manhood and independence is much more naturally and much more necessarily the result of the habits of social life in a state of freedom, than of the habits of military discipline, or military enterprize; and no people, associating together under equal and generous laws, ever yet wanted the noblest spirit of courage and magnanimity. Undoubtedly the feelings and ideas habitually suggested from the first to the last period of a man's life, by the nature of the society in which he is placed, are the most deeply rooted in his mind, and have the most decisive influence on his conduct. But in a state of society, where the laws give no one any advantage

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over another, where men struggle together on equal terms against aggression, and for pre-eminence in wealth, power, or fame, the spirit of self-defence, the spirit of emulation, the spirit of independence, and of enterprize, is the natural temper of the people. The superiority of this force of mind to any spirit artificially created by military exercises may be proved by a very decisive instance. We send our sons to public schools, and are deeply impressed with a sense of the advantages derived from the manly character generated by the contention of boys with their equals. Let a boy from his infancy be habituated, as much as you please, in the softness of his father's house, to military exercises, you will not pretend to say that this will compensate for the spirit created at school. The same generous discipline which creates the manly character of the boy at school, operates upon the man who lives in a free and well-governed nation, through the whole course of his life; through the whole course of his life he is engaged in animating contention with his equals. Let us suppose that the boy who is to be habituated to military exercises in his father's house has, at the same time, instead of equals with whom to contend, a number of unfortunate boys, who are compelled to look up to him as their superior, to be subject to his caprices, and over whom he is permitted to tyrannize; would not this association corrupt and ruin the manhood of both parties? And would any dexterity in military exercises give them the worth of boys educated as equals at a public school? The truth is, that military exercises are not necessary to freemen to give them the military spirit, but to teach them the use of their arms, and to act together with unity and order. Though disciplined slaves may sometimes, by this knowledge, obtain advantages over undisciplined freemen, they have not so much of the military spirit. An underling clerk at a merchant's desk might cast up figures more rapid than Sir Isaac Newton, but would he have more of the arithmetical spirit than Sir Isaac Newton?

The Romans were never a commercial, but a military people, and their education was as completely military under the Emperors as in the age of Scipio; yet the military spirit of Rome disappeared; and disappeared with the freedom of Rome. The military spirit of Sparta itself was lost, while the military education remained unaltered. The Dutch, we are told, grew dastardly, who were once so brave. The Dutch grew dastardly, however, when their government grew corrupt, and they had not been habituated to military exercises, when they shewed such prodigies of courage. The Carthaginians, it is said, were subdued by the Romans.

We know too little of the history or state of Carthage to be entitled to draw any conclusions from that history. One thing we know, that its government when it fell was extremely corrupt; and this was sufficient to subject it to the Romans, whether it possessed or wanted commerce.

Of all the nations which have yet appeared upon the face of the earth, the most commercial and the most rich is the British nation. Scarcely ever was any nation so destitute of military habits, for from the time of Oliver Cromwell, they have hardly been known among the people; and yet we have no hesitation to affirm that by no people was real courage and intrepidity ever possessed in a more perfect degree than by the collective body of the British people at this moment. To

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what is this owing? To the same cause to which our unexampled riches are owing; to the free and equal laws, which, giving full scope to the exercise of a man's faculties among his fellow creatures, allow none of the virtue belonging to his nature to lie dormant. We affirm that this intrepidity is on the increase. The happy situation of our country, which removes the fear of violent death from every set of people but the worst, obliges us reluctantly to appeal to the behaviour of them. It will be allowed, however, that no remarkable change could take place in the character of them, without something correspondent in the rest of the people. Now it is known that formerly a very great proportion of criminals came to the place of execution under extreme dejection, and shedding tears. It is now equally well known that nothing is so rare. It is always found that British troops in point of daring boldness, as well as firm courage, take the lead of the troops of every nation with whom they are mixed.

We have thought it of importance to state these truths at this time, in opposition to some contradictory ideas which are disseminated; that both the people themselves, and they who are to marshal them, may know what they are worth, and what is necessary to prepare them to meet a danger ten-fold greater than all that can be offered them by light and changeable, though daring and presumptuous Frenchmen. Let us be a little practised in *the use of our weapons*, and let us be *conducted by intelligent men*, and we are safe against the WORLD IN ARMS.

*British Press.*

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*At a meeting of the Inhabitants of the Ward of* ALDGATE, *on Monday, the 18th of July, at Ironmonger's Hall in Fenchurch-Street; convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the then recent resolutions of the Court of Aldermen, recommending the renewal of* VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATIONS, *the following* SPEECH was spoken by Mr. R. S. SHARPE, *immediately after the purport of the meeting had been declared by Mr. Alderman Combe.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN rising thus early to deliver my sentiments on this occasion, in the presence of so many older and of abler judgment, I entreat to be considered as offering my humble services merely towards gathering materials for those more skilful than myself to work with. The occasion of this meeting having been so distinctly stated from the chair, it might perhaps become me to add but little on the subject, yet this is a matter so seriously important, the ceremony of silent compliance is not sufficient; it becomes every man who thinks that by the blessing of Providence he may be enabled to propose any measure likely to be of service to the cause, to come forward and state the suggestions of his mind, trusting that he may be an humble instrument of benefit to his Country. Actuated by a sense of duty I therefore rise, convinced that too much cannot be offered on a subject that so affects our dearest interests.

I hope and trust that my principles are so well known to all who hear me, that should I proceed to advance any thing that might seem to carry with it discouragement, they will not for a moment impute to me so unworthy a design; but agree with me, that in proportion as our danger increases, so should be the energy of our exertions.

That an invasion of this land is intended by that Son of Rapine, the Tyrant

Tyrant of France—(this happy land! the blessed object of his envy) is, I believe, undoubted by far the greater part of our countrymen. I have heard from good authority, that a plan has been seen of the methods to be adopted by the enemy as most likely to ensure success; and the consequences that would attend such success are openly avowed.—Consequences most dreadful, but not more so than we can easily conceive that man to be capable of, who has given recent proofs that the guide of his conduct is a heart from which were early driven every soft feeling with which our merciful Creator enriches the human mind; a heart now become the vile abode of treachery, cruelty and impiety.—We are threatened with the total annihilation of our glorious Constitution!—a Constitution under which we enjoy blessings unequalled by any nation in the known world!—We are threatened with the loss of our liberty and our independence!—our dearest and most valuable privileges; our pride as Britons.—We are threatened with the overthrow of our blessed religion!—a religion, our firmest support as a nation, the rock on which, as Christians, we build our best hopes of everlasting happiness. Shall we not then, one and all, advance, and unite our utmost efforts in a steady perseverance towards the attainment of our great object, *the permanent security of the country?* Shall we not immediately acquiesce in a cordial support of that Government, under which we are protected, and under which we have attained, and can alone preserve our present enviable dignity as a people? A people known to the world, to be ever true to their Country, ever loyal to their King, and ever resting their hopes of success on that all-powerful arm which has hitherto so signally preserved them.

There are various situations, the duties of which may seem to preclude those engaged in them from the possibility of attaining that knowledge requisite to enable them to decide on subjects like that we now contemplate; but it is most sure that every breast inheriting a spark of that patriotic fire that characterizes our nation will now proudly evince it. Let us then be extremely cautious against indulging a prejudice not unfrequent, nor think that the sudden and unexpected glow of loyalty is assumed; but when the urgency of the times is considered, let us generously pronounce it *real*, and hail the honest impulse of a noble and loyal nature!—as the opposite act is illiberal, so may the effect be fatal; an over-exerted loyalty will soon find it's beneficial level, but it is cruel to depress it; and, when depressed, most difficult to revive it. I hope the time is now arrived when every such prejudice as that to which I have just alluded shall cease, never to be revived; and that as the present cause calls for the united efforts of our arms, so one sentiment of Patriotism, Loyalty and Unanimity may pervade our hearts; in which case, under the blessing of Divine Providence, we need not doubt the complete discomfiture of our restless and implacable enemy, and the preservation of our rights, our laws and our religion.

I cannot better conclude than in the words of a most emphatic modern writer; who, speaking of our foe observes:

Fortune herself shall be no more his friend,
But *here* the hist'ry of his crimes shall end;
His slaughter'd legions shall manure our shore,
And ENGLAND never know invasion more.

## IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS FOR THE *PEOPLE* OF *ENGLAND.*

*Drawn up and published by order of* GOVERNMENT.

AT a moment, when we are entering a scene deeply interesting, not only to this nation, but to the whole civilized world; at a moment, when we all, without distinction of rank or degree, are called upon to rally round, and to range ourselves beneath the banners of that Sovereign, under whose long, mild, and fostering reign, the far greater part of us, capable of bearing arms, have been born and reared up to manhood; at a moment, when we are, by his truly royal and paternal example, incited to make every sacrifice and every exertion in a war, the event of which is to decide, whether we are still to enjoy, and to bequeath to our children, the possessions, the comforts, the liberties, and the national honours, handed down to us from generation to generation, by our gallant forefathers; or whether we are, at once, to fall from this favoured and honourable station, and to become the miserable crouching slaves, "the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water," of those very Frenchmen, whom the valour of our fleets and armies has hitherto taught us to despise; at such a moment, it behoves us calmly and without dismay, to examine our situation, to consider what are the grounds of the awful contest in which we are engaged; what are the wishes, the designs, and the pretensions of our enemies; what would be the consequences, if those enemies were to triumph over us; what are our means, and what ought to be our motives, not only for frustrating their malicious intentions, but for inflicting just and memorable chastisement on their insolent and guilty heads.

The grounds of the war are, by no means, as our enemies pretend, to be sought for in a desire entertained by his Majesty to keep the Island of Malta, contrary to the Treaty of Peace, or to leave unfulfilled any other part of his sacred engagements; they are to be sought for in the ambition of the First Consul of France, and in his implacable hatred of Britain, because, in the power and valour of Britain alone, he finds a check to that ambition, which aims at nothing short of the conquest of the world. His Majesty, ever anxious to procure for his people prosperity and ease, eagerly seized the first opportunity that offered itself for the restoration of Peace; but not without remembering, at the same time, that their safety, for which it was his peculiar duty to provide, was not to be sacrificed to any other consideration. This peace he concluded with the most sincere desire, that it might be durable, and the conduct of France would be such as to authorise him to execute, with scrupulous punctuallity, every one of the stipulations of the Treaty. But scarcely was that compact concluded, when the First Consul, at the very time that his Majesty was surrendering to France and Holland, the great and numerous conquests he had made from them during the war, began a new sort of hostility upon the weak and defenceless states on the Continent of Europe: Piedmont, a country equal to all Scotland, was added to France; Holland, which had at the making of the Peace, been recognized as an independent nation, became, more than ever, the object of French rapacity and despotism; was compelled to furnish ships and stores for French expeditions, and to feed and clothe French armies: the only use of which was to keep her in a state of slavish subjection, and to render her shores an object of



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serious alarm and real danger to Great Britain; Switzerland was invaded by a French army, which compelled the people of that once free and happy country, to submit to a government framed at Paris, the members of which government were chiefly composed of men, who had betrayed the liberties of their country, and who were nominated by the Consul himself. Notwithstanding, however, all these and several other acts of aggression and tyranny, some of which were highly injurious to Great Britain, and were shameful violations of the Treaty of Peace, still his Majesty earnestly endeavoured to avoid a recurrence to arms; but the Consul, emboldened by our forbearance, and imputing to a dread of his power, that which he ought to have imputed solely to our desire to live at peace, manifested his perfidious intentions, again to take possession of Egypt, whence we had driven him in disgrace; again to open a road to our possessions in India, there to destroy one of the principal sources of our wealth and our greatness.

Not contented with thus preparing for our destruction from without, endeavouring to cut off our intercourse with the rest of the world, shutting, as far as he was able, all the ports of other countries against us; gradually destroying our navigation, commerce, and trade; hemming us up in our own Island, and exposing our manufacturers, artizans, and labourers, to the danger of starving for want of employment; not contented with these malignant endeavours, and seeming to regard us as already within his grasp, he audaciously interfered in the management of our domestic concerns; required us to violate our laws by banishing those subjects of the French Monarch, who had fled hither for shelter from his unjust and tyrannical government; demanded of us the suppression of the Liberty of Speech and of the Press; and, in a word, clearly demonstrated his resolution not to leave us a moment's tranquillity, till we had surrendered our Constitution, till we had laid all our liberties at his feet, and till, like the Dutch, the Italians, and the Swiss, we had submitted to be governed by Decrees sent us from France.

Besides the motives of ambition, the desire to domineer over, and to trample upon all the rest of mankind, the First Consul has a reason, peculiar to himself, for wishing to reduce us to a state of poverty, weakness, submission and silence: which reason will at once be evident when we consider the origin of his authority, and the nature of his government. Having succeeded, through a long course of perfidious and bloody deeds, in usurping the throne of his lawful Sovereign; having, under the name of *Equality*, established in his own person and family, a government the most pompous and expensive, while the people are pining with hunger, and in rags; having with the word *Liberty* continually on his lips, erected a despotism the most oppressive, the most capricious and the most cruel that the Almighty, in his wrath, ever suffered to exist; having, by such means, obtained such an end, he feared, that while there remained upon the earth, and especially within a few leagues of France, a people enjoying, under a mild and legitimate Sovereign, all the blessings of freedom; while there remained such a people, so situated, he dreaded, and not without reason, that their sentiments and their example would, by degrees, penetrate through his forest of bayonets, his myriads of spies, and would, first or last, shake the foundation of his ill-gotten power. He could not, indeed, impute either to our Sove-

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reign, or to his subjects, any design, much less any attempt, to disturb him in the exercise of his usurped authority. We never have interfered, nor have we ever shown any desire to interfere in concerns of the Consul or his Republic; and his Majesty, even after all the acts of provocation, all the injuries and insults committed against himself and his people, has now solemnly renewed his declaration, that his object is not to destroy or change any thing in the internal state of other countries, but solely to preserve, in his own dominions, every thing dear to himself and to his subjects.

This, however, is not sufficient to satisfy the Consul of France; it is not sufficient that we abstain, both by actions and by words, from exciting discontent amongst those who have the misfortune to be subjected to his sway; we must not afford them an example, we must not remain free, lest they should learn lessons of freedom; we must destroy our ancient and venerable monarchy, lest they should sigh for a lawful and merciful king; we must not be happy, lest they should covet happiness; we must not speak, lest our voice should disturb the peace of Bonaparte; we must not breathe, we must cease to exist, because our existence gives umbrage to a man, who from the walls of Acre, fled, in shame and disgrace, before a handful of Britons.

Such being the grounds of the war, such the wishes and designs, such the preposterous and insolent pretensions of the enemy, it next behoves us to consider, what will be the consequence to ourselves, what will be our wretched lot, if that enemy should succeed in the invasion and subjugation of our country. Of what the French would, in such case do here, we may form some judgment, from what they have done in all those countries, where the remissness of the government, together with the pusillanimity of the people, have given them the predominance. There is no country, into which they have been able to enter, where their footsteps have not been marked with blood; where they have spared either high or low, rich or poor, sex or age; where terror has not been the forerunner, and where desolation and misery have not marched in their rear. In the long and black catalogue of French cruelties towards the people of other countries, those of the First Consul, and of the generals and soldiers immediately under his command, first present themselves to our attention. In 1796, Bonaparte at the head of a numerous French army, invaded Italy, declaring to the people, that he came as their friend and their brother, to deliver them from taxes and slavery, and promising them safety for their persons, security for their property, respect for their laws, and reverence for their religion. They listened, they believed; they threw open their gates, they laid down their arms, they received the Gallic Serpent to their bosom, and fatal indeed were the effects of their credulity! His reverence for their religion he displayed by giving up their places of worship to indiscriminate plunder, and by defiling them with every species of sacrilege; his respect for the laws was evinced, not only by the abrogation of those laws, but by the arbitrary enforcement of an unconditional submission to the mandates of himself and his generals; the security which he promised to their property was exhibited in enormous contributions, in the seizure of all the public funds, as well as those of every charitable foundation, not excepting schools, hospitals, or any other resource for the

support of the poor, the aged, and the helpless; and, as to the persons of the unfortunate people, he provided for their safety by laying the whole country under the severest military execution, by giving up the towns and villages to fire and sword, and by exposing the inhabitants to be pillaged and murdered by his rapacious and inhuman soldiers, whom he authorised and even ordered to shoot every man that attempted to resist them, whatever might be the crimes in which they were engaged.

On his return from Italy, which he left in a state of beggary and irretrieveable ruin, he prepared for the invasion of Egypt, a country which was at peace with France, and against the people, or the government of which, France had no cause of complaint; but the conquest of this country was necessary in order to open a road to the Indian possessions of Great Britain. In pursuit of this object, Bonaparte invaded Egypt, where he repeated his promises to respect religion, property, and persons, and where, the more effectually to disguise his purposes, he issued a proclamation, declaring himself and his army to be true Mahometans; and boasting of having made war upon the Christians, and destroyed their religion. One of his first deeds after this act of apostacy, was to massacre almost all the inhabitants of the populous city of Alexandria. "The people," says one of his generals, "betake themselves to their *Prophet*, and fill their mosques; but the men and women, old and young, and even babes at the breast, ALL, are massacred!" Some time after this sanguinary transaction, Bonaparte, having made prisoners of 3,800 Turks, in the fortress of Jaffa, and wishing to relieve himself from the trouble and expence of guarding and supporting them, ordered them to be marched to an open place, where part of his army fired on them with musquetry and grape shot, stabbing and cutting to death the few who escaped the fire, while he himself looked on, and rejoiced at the horrid scene. Nor were his cruelties, while in Egypt, confined to those whom he called his enemies; for finding his hospitals at Jaffa crowded with sick soldiers, and desiring to disencumber himself of them, he ordered one of his physicians to destroy them by poison. The physician refused to obey; but an apothecary was found willing to perpetrate the deed; opium was mixed with their food; 580 Frenchmen perished by the order of the General, under whose flag they had fought; by order of that very man, to whose despotic sway, the whole French nation now patiently submits. Let them so submit, but let us not think of such shameful, such degrading submission. Let us recollect, that this impious and ferocious invader was stopped in his career of rapine and blood, by a mere handful of Britons; and was finally induced to desert his troops, and to flee from the land he had invaded, at the approach of that gallant British army, by which Egypt was delivered from the most odious and most destructive of all its plagues. This it is for us to recollect; and so recollecting, shame and disgrace upon our heads, if we do not resist, if we do not overcome, if we do not chastise this rapacious, this bloody minded tyrant, who has now marked out our country for subjugation, our fields for devastation, our houses for pillage; and who, in the insolence of his ambition, has held us forth to the world, as a meek, a feeble, and cowardly race, destined to grace his triumphal car, and to augment the number of his slaves.

Not,

Not, however, to the deeds of Bonaparte alone must our recollection be confined. Not only Italy and Egypt, but Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, and, indeed, almost every country in Europe have been the scenes of French rapine, insult, and cruelty. Holland, formerly the seat of freedom, commerce, industry, and affluence, present at this moment, the sad spectacle of a country divided against itself, torn to pieces by factions, contending, not for the suffrages of the people, but for the favour of France; a country governed by the haughty mandates of a foreign power; awed by foreign arms; holding the remains of its wealth, together with the residue of its military and naval means, in constant readinesss to be disposed of in the service of another nation, and that nation its antient and implacable enemy, and now its inexorable oppressor.

When the French armies entered the territories of Holland, the motto was, "*War to the Palace, but peace to the Cottage.*" They came to deliver the people from their rulers, and from the burthens which those rulers imposed. The Dutch, like the Italians, lent an ear to these artful and perfidious declarations, believing that their cottages would be spared, and careless of the fate of the palace. But, alas! they soon found, that French rapacity, like the hail and the thunder, fell alike on the thatched roof, and the gilded dome. The palaces once seized on, the cottages soon followed; while all those who were found in the intermediate space, the merchant and the manufacturer, the farmer and the tradesman, were sunk in one common ruin; happy, if, by the loss of their property, they had the good fortune to preserve their lives. Bonaparte is, indeed, now, not only the sovereign of the country, not only does he exercise the powers of dominion, but he is, as to every practical effect, the master and the owner of all the property and of all the people in Holland. These miserable beings possess nothing of their own; they can acquire nothing with the hope of enjoying, or bequeathing it; they can make no provision for the weakness of disease, the feebleness of old age, or the helplessness of infancy; they are, the mere political drudges of a hard hearted tyrant, who suffers them to live only while their labours administer to his projects of ambition, and who, when his purposes demand it, puts an end at once to their toils and their existence.

In Switzerland, where high rank and great riches were unknown, where men were nearer upon an equality than in any other country in the world; in a country having no commerce, scarcely any manufacturers, and possessing few of the sources of wealth and distinction; a country of shepherds and labourers; a country which might be truly said to contain a nation of poor men; in such a country to cry "*war to Palaces,*" seemed useless and absurd. Yet did the French find a pretext for war with this poor and harmless race, and for invading and laying waste their territory. The Swiss, from their anxiety to preserve peace, consented to every sacrifice demanded of them by France: they exposed themselves to the hostility of other nations, by sending away the ambassadors of those nations; they broke off their connexion with some of their most powerful allies; they banished the loyal subjects of their ancient protector the King of France, men whom the ties of gratitude and the laws of hospitality bound them to cherish; and when they had thus exhausted the source of concession, when they could grant no more, because France

France could find nothing more to demand; when they had humbled themselves in the dust, and degraded the character of their country in the eyes of all Europe; when they had thus done and thus suffered, rather than see their country the scene of war, then did the French invade their territory; then did these restless disturbers of the world march an army into the heart of Switzerland, in order to compel the people to change the nature and the form of their Government, and to commit it to the hands of traitors, who had been chosen by France, and by the assistance of whose treachery the French invasion had been effected.

After having, by means of an armistice, joined to the most solemn promise of respect for persons and property, lulled the people into a state of imaginary security, the armistice was broken, and the French pushed on their forces, when those of the Swiss were dispersed. Resistance on the part of the latter, whose numbers did not amount to a tenth of those of their flagitious enemy, now became hopeless: and though the little army was brave, though the people were faithful and active, though the last battle was long, obstinate, and bloody; though the Swiss achieved wonders, and though the women fought by the sides of their husbands, inciting them to victory or death, all was in vain; hundreds and thousands perished by the sabres of the French, and while the earth was strewed with their dead bodies, and while the flames ascended from the once happy dwellings of this valiant and innocent people, the hard-earned and long-preserved liberties of Switzerland, expired.

Germany, which closes this awful lesson, was invaded by the French in 1796 and 1798. These invasions were attended with crimes too atrocious to be credited, were they not proved by indisputable evidence, and did they not accord with the general practice of the inhuman wretches by whom they were committed. In adverting to these detestable acts of oppression and cruelty, we must recollect, that they were perpetrated upon a people, who had made no resistance of any sort against the invaders, and who in every instance had entered into an agreement with the French Generals, to pay them great sums of money, in order to preserve their country from plunder. In consequence of the ransom thus wrung from the people, the invaders declared, by public proclamation, that the persons and property of the inhabitants should be strictly respected; and that their rights, usages, laws, and religion should remain inviolate and undisturbed. On these assurances, thus solemnly made, the credulous people all implicitly relied, while some of the poorer classes regarded the French, not as enemies, but as their deliverers from taxes and labour. No sooner, however, had the invasion taken place, no sooner had the French become masters of the country, than they spread themselves over it like beasts of prey, devouring and destroying every thing before them. They spared neither cities nor towns, neither villages nor hamlets, nor solitary houses; from the church to the cell, from the castle to the cottage; no state of life, however lofty or however humble, escaped their rapacious assaults; no sanctity excited their veneration; no grandeur their respect; no misery their forbearance or their pity. After having plundered the houses of the gentry, the clergy, and the tradesmen; after having pillaged the shops, warehouses, and manufactories, they proceeded to the farm houses, and cottages, they rifled the pockets and chests of the inhabi-

tants,

tants, cut open their beds, tore up the floors of their rooms, dug up their cellars, searched the newly made graves, and broke open the coffins in hopes of finding secreted treasure. They sometimes threatened people with immediate death, sometimes put them to the torture, sometimes lacerated and crippled them, in order to wring from them a discovery of their little pittance of ready money. The deepest and most apparent poverty was no protection against their rapacity; grey hairs and lisping infancy; the sick, the dying, women in child-bed, were alike exposed to the most barbarous treatment; dragged from their beds, kicked, wounded, and frequently killed, under pretence that they were the keepers of concealed wealth. The teams and flocks, cattle of every kind, the marauders draw off, cut to pieces on the spot, or left in a state of mutilation; corn, hay, and straw, they wasted or burnt; they demolished the household furniture, destroyed the utensils of the dairies, the barns, and the stables; tore down the gates, levelled the fences. In many places they stript the clothes from the backs of the people, set their liquor flowing in the cellar, burnt their provisions to ashes. The churches whether Romish or Protestant, they rendered a scene of indiscriminate robbery, of sacrilege and blasphemy, too shocking to describe. Towards women of all ages and all conditions, they were guilty of brutality never before heard of: neither extreme youth nor extreme age; neither weakness nor deformity; nor the most loathsome disease; neither the pangs of labour nor the agonies of death could restrain them; cries, tears, supplications were of no avail; and where fathers, husbands, or brothers interfered, murder seldom failed to close the horrible scene. To spread nakedness and hunger, to introduce misery and disease amongst all ranks, seems to have been their uniform desire; but the lower orders of the people, the artizans and the labourers, were the objects of their direst malignity; against them was directed the sharpest bayonets; for their bodies the choicest torment, for their minds the keenest anguish was reserved; from one end of the country to the other, we trace the merciless ruffians through a scene of conflagration and blood; frequently we see them butchering whole families, and retiring by the light of their blazing habitations; but amongst the poor alone, do we find them deferring the murder of the parents for the purpose of compelling them to hear their children shriek amidst the flames!

Such are the barbarities which have been inflicted on other nations. The recollection of them will never be effaced; the melancholy story will be handed down from generation to generation, to the everlasting infamy of the republicans of France, and as an awful warning to all those nations whom they may hereafter attempt to invade. We are one of those nations; we are the people whom they are now preparing to invade: awful, indeed, is the warning, and, if we despise it, tremendous will be the judgment. The same generals, the same commissaries, the same officers, the same soldiers, the very same rapacious and sanguinary host, that now hold Holland and Switzerland in chains, that desolated Egypt, Italy, and Germany, are at this moment, preparing to make England, Ireland, and Scotland, the scenes of their atrocities. For some time past, they have had little opportunity to plunder: peace, for a while suspended their devastations, and now, like gaunt and hungry wolves, they are looking towards the rich

pastures of Britain: already we hear their threatening howl; and if, like sheep, we stand bleating for mercy, neither our innocence nor our timidity will save us from being torn in pieces and devoured. The robberies, the barbarities, the brutalities they have committed in other countries, though, at the thought of them the heart sinks and the blood runs cold, will be mere trifles to what they will commit here, if we suffer them to triumph over us. The Swiss and the Suabians were never objects of their envy; they were never the rivals of Frenchmen, either on the land or on the sea; they had never disconcerted or checked their ambitious projects, never humbled their pride, never defeated either their armies or their fleets. We have been, and we have done all this: they have long entertained against us a hatred engendered by the mixture of envy and of fear; and they are now about to make a great and desperate effort to gratify this furious, this unquenchable, this deadly hatred. What, then, can we expect at their hands? What but torments, even surpassing those which they have inflicted on other nations.—They remained but three months in Germany; here they would remain for ever; there, their extortions and their atrocities were, for want of time, confined to a part of the people; here they would be universal: no sort, no part, no particle of property would remain unseized; no man, woman or child would escape violence of some kind or other. Such of our manufactories as are moveable, they would transport to France, together with the most ingenious of the manufacturers, whose wives and children would be left to starve.

Our ships would follow the same course, with all the commerce and commercial means of the kingdom. Having stripped us of every thing, even to the stoutest of our sons, and the most beautiful of our daughters, over all that remained they would establish and exercise a tyranny, such as the world never before witnessed. All the estates, all the farms, all the mines, all the land and the houses, all the shops and magazines, all the remaining manufactories, and all work-shops of every kind and description, from the greatest to the smallest; all these they would bring over Frenchmen to possess; making us their servants and their labourers.

To prevent us from uniting and rising against them, they would crowd every town and village with their brutal soldiers, who would devour all the best part of the produce of the earth, leaving us not half a sufficiency of bread. They would, besides, introduce their own laws, with additional severities: they would divide us into separate classes; hem us up in districts; and cut off all communication between friends and relations, parents and children, which latter they would breed up in their own blasphemous principles. And, shall we submit to misery and degradation like this, rather than encounter the expences of war; rather than meet the honourable dangers of military combat; rather than make a generous use of the means which Providence has so bounteously placed in our hands? The sun in his whole course round the globe shines not on a spot so blessed as this great and now united kingdom; gay and productive fields and gardens, lofty and extensive woods, innumerable flocks and herds, rich and inexhaustible mines, a mild and wholesome climate, giving health, vigour, and activity, to fourteen millions of people; and shall we, who are thus favoured and endowed; shall we

who

who are abundantly supplied with iron and steel, powder and lead; shall we, who have a fleet superior to the maritime force of all the world, and who are able to bring two millions of fighting men into the field; shall we yield up this dear and happy land, together with all the liberties and honours, to preserve which our fathers so often dyed the land and sea with their blood; shall we, thus, at once dishonour their graves, and stamp disgrace and infamy on the brows of our children? and shall we, too, make this base and dastardly surrender to an enemy, whom, within these twelve years our countrymen have defeated in every quarter of the world? No; we are not so miserably fallen; we cannot in so short a space of time have become so detestably degenerate; we have the strength and the will to repel the hostility, to chastise the insolence of the foe. Mighty, indeed, must be our efforts, but mighty also is the need. Singly engaged against the Tyrant of the earth, Britain now attracts the eyes and hearts of mankind: groaning nations look to her for deliverance; justice, liberty, and religion are inscribed on her banners; her success will be hailed with the shouts of the universe, while tears of admiration and gratitude will bedew the heads of her sons who fall in the glorious contest.

## JOHNSON,
## THE SMUGGLER.

*The example of English Heroism displayed by the subject of the following Anecdote, is worthy of the highest praise. It furnishes proof of the truly patriotic spirit which resides in the heart of every Briton; and may convince the enemy of the firm and determined resistance he will meet with in this island; since ever a violater of the laws, and a smuggler, refuses the offer of Liberty and Fortune, when proffered him on terms destructive to the interests of his country.*

A MAN of notorious celebrity in the annals of smuggling, and whose name is Johnson, had by some extraordinary exertions escaped from a prison in London about eight or ten months ago. He fled to the Continent, and principally resided at Flushing. On the commencement of hostilities this man was arrested by order of the French government, and conveyed to a prison at Boulogne. He was accused of having piloted the English fleet to the Helder during the late war, when our army invaded Holland under the command of the ever to be lamented Abercrombie. In a few days after Johnson was lodged in confinement, a marine officer (who for some time past has been sedulously employed in obtaining English pilots) called upon him, and after some preliminary observations, entered upon the chief object of his mission. "I am told," said the officer, "you are well acquainted with the opposite coast."—"I know every sounding and creek," replied Johnson, "and what then?"—"Why my *good friend*," continued the visitor, "if you will engage to pilot a certain division of the French fleet to the English coast, and conduct yourself on that occasion with *fidelity*, I am directed to say, a general pardon will not only be granted you, but an ample provision settled upon you during the remainder of your life." The answer of this *virtuous delinquent*, should never be forgotten. "Sir," replied Johnson, "I have not been kindly treated by my country, but notwith-

withstanding that, *I cannot be a traitor.* I consider your proposal, Sir, as an insult, and treat it with the disdain it merits."—The officer admiring his principles and resolution, endeavoured to soothe him into compliance, which Johnson observing, very calmly said to him—"Do not endeavour, Sir, to render me a villain in my own estimation; indeed, were I to undertake the treason you propose, I am confident, that in the hour of trial my heart would guide me to my duty, and *I should betray you.*"—This roused the Frenchman, who exclaimed, "Then, Villain, you shall die."—"*With all my heart,* said Johnson, and in a tone of voice highly expressive of his determination, "the sooner the better—I am prepared—I have no favour to ask but one—over my grave let it be written in legible characters—*Here lies an honourable English Smuggler, who scorned to betray his country!*"—Thus ended the conversation; and the hero now remains in prison at Boulogne, with no other chance for life than his acquiescing in the above proposal.

*Liverpool Chronicle.*

## *BARLOW'S GHOST.

COUNTRYMEN:

AFTER my spirit had rested in peace more than two hundred years, I was in a manner, called from my grave by a report in circulation, that the French intended to invade the *now* United Kingdoms of England and Ireland. Presumptuous as they always were, they would not have dared to have thought of such an exploit in my time!

Why? you may probably ask. The answer is easy: Because, from our active exertions, we were always in a state of preparation to receive them.

However, hearing this report, I revisited earth, and soon found that there was more truth in it than attends reports in general. The French about to invade this kingdom! I said to myself; then the inhabitants of every district, particularly that which I *still* call my own, are ready to meet them. But, how great was my surprise to find, that the exercise of arms had been long laid aside, except upon particular emergencies; and that it was no longer considered as a sport and pastime, as we used to make it, in the district where I formerly resided! I remember that in my time, every one capable of using them, was provided with a bow and arrows, the weapons then most in request. All the tradesmen, and manufacturing hands, used to parade in Finsbury Fields, on Thursday and Saturday Afternoons. *Butts* to shoot at were erected: the inhabitants of the adjacent parishes flocked to behold our military sports; the place was like a fair. We soon became so expert at our exercise, that the fame of the *Finsbury Archers* reached the ears of his Majesty, King Henry the Eight. The English Archers in general had long been celebrated all over Europe, as France had frequently found to her cost. Well; we were summoned to Windsor, and had the honour to be reviewed by the King, who was so pleased with our performance of the exercise, that he gave great praise and rewards to the whole company. And when he came to me, he said, "My good fellow, you have handled your arms like a Duke: you shall be the Captain of this warlike band, and be called the Duke of Shoreditch." Which was the title that the Captain of the Finsbury Archers ever after assumed, until, upon the introduction of fire-arms, the company was dissolved.

* Barlow was a Shopkeeper in Shoreditch.

I do not, countrymen, remind you of these things out of vanity; for vanity cannot exist beyond the grave; but merely to stimulate you to the same endeavours, for which you have still greater occasion. I understand that our ancient enemy, the French, are now more formidable than ever; that a faction among them barbarously murdered their good King, Queen, and part of their family, with numbers of the nobility; that they have ransacked Europe from one end to the other; and not only plundered the estates, and destroyed the lives, of the great, but, which must naturally follow, cut up by the roots, and totally annihilated, the comforts and happiness of the middle and lower orders of the people: Moreover, that they are now governed by the iron rod of a Tyrant and Usurper, who truly an enemy to the human race, has spread destruction from Egypt to Switzerland.

He has, I am informed, stepped so far into blood, that he cannot retreat, either with safety to his person, or ease to his conscience. The first will be sacrificed to the fury of a licentious soldiery, hardened in scenes of devastation and carnage, if he refuses to lead them on to future depredation: and with regard to the latter, if his body remains inactive, it will present such horrors, such real *blue devils* to his mind, as will lead him to destroy himself. He therefore means to send, perhaps to conduct, these savages of Europe, these modern barbarians across the channel, which I hope and trust, will prove the RED SEA to them; and so, under providence, it certainly will, brave Englishmen, if you do what my valiant companions and self used to do; namely, make yourselves masters of the manual exercise, by which we acquired such fame and honour, not only, as I told you, from the King and Court, but from the ladies of London; who used, as we marched along, to wave their handkerchiefs, and call us their heroes, their brave defenders. Nay; many a fair hand, which has so waved in approbation of our exploits, has been the reward of different youths who had borne away prizes in the field. I remember it was then the saying, that "the Archers of Finsbury took good aim, for they conquered both in Love and War."

I hope and believe, my valiant compatriots, for so, though our alliance is distant, you certainly are, that neither your *gallantry* nor your *courage* is less than they were in my time. The inhabitants of Shoreditch, Spitalfields, Finsbury, Clerkenwell, and other contiguous places, that used to compose our companies, were tradesmen and manufacturing hands, the most useful hands in the kingdom; as it was from those it derived its commercial opulence; and to those it looked for the support of its honor, and independence, as a nation, in which support their own independence, their glorious Constitution, every thing dear to Britons, as men, as legal subjects, as valuable members of society, as husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, was involved.

If such, my friends, was our situation, and such our exertions to preserve our Monarch and Constitution, how much dearer must your present beloved Monarch and glorious Constitution be to you, who, under their benign influence, enjoy all the blessings I have enumerated; all those blessings of which the rest of Europe, through the operation of French principles, is at this moment deprived, in a still greater degree. How anxious, therefore, must you be to defend your country against the danger of subjugation with which it is threatened by an enemy more wicked, unprincipled, ferocious, and,

and, let me add, powerful, than any that ever before threatened or assailed it!

To do this, to be enabled to defend your country with effect, let me advise you to repair to the places which will be soon appointed in each of your respective parishes; there enroll your names in the honourable lists of heroes. Sacrifice all frivolous amusements, take up your arms: the time will be but trifling, if you make proper arrangements, that need be taken from your different pursuits: Yet, if you engage with zeal and ardour, of which I have no doubt, (for I do not believe that the character of *Englishmen* has degenerated since my time,) you will soon be perfect. This kingdom may then bid defiance to "the World in Arms." You will deserve, and receive, the approbation of your Sovereign, of your country, of your own hearts: And, if I shall have had the good fortune, in the smallest degree, to have stimulated your endeavours, I shall rejoice that, upon this arduous occasion, the perfidy of the *Corsican Usurper* BONAPARTE has raised THE GHOST OF BARLOW.

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*My Friends and Countrymen,*

AN Old WHIG begs to address you at this crisis, a crisis unexampled in the history of these kingdoms—not as a partizan—not to stimulate you to party prejudices—but to awaken that bold, that intrepid, that stirring spirit, which in earlier times led on to daring deeds—to victory and to fame.

No man surely can hesitate. His country calls upon him to cast aside every prejudice, every party pique; and gladly, joyfully to co-operate hand and heart, with every sinew strained, to maintain her dignity and independence; it cannot be possible for him to remain indolently supine when these are assailed.

Shall we, with whom the sacred flame of liberty, of real rational liberty, has remained for ages unextinguished; shall we crouch to a foreign yoke; shall we bow the neck to a despot, submit ourselves to a Corsican Usurper?—Forbid it, Honour! Forbid it, Freedom! Forbid it, Valour!

The determination of the French to invade this Island, is no longer problematical; and though our fleets are numerous, our seamen brave, our army large and well disciplined, there still remains a great space for the exertions of individuals. Every man possessing property, ought freely to supply a part to protect the remainder. It behoves us to be liberal: Let us shew to the world that we can give our fortunes to preserve our rights.—Let the young men—let us all arm; let us live a nation—or die: And let us exhibit to the admiring world, the grand spectacle of an armed, unanimous nation, at once eager to protect our coast or annoy our foes; then we can safely bid defiance to the proud and haughty Gaul, and teach him his expectation of assistance here, will serve but to render his defeat more certain, more perfect.

Let us look up, my friends, to the higher walks of life. They beckon us by their example to unanimity. Let us not tarry for compulsion.

Press on, my friends, to the first rank. Be ready with your bayonet for the first hostile foot upon your shore. The Romans decreed a civic crown for the man who saved his comrade's life. Arise, my countrymen. *We* have a glorious crown before us—a crown of honour. We shall save our wives, our sisters, and our daughters from shame: our liberties, our religion from violation; and ourselves from slaughter.

AN OLD WHIG.

ADDRESS

## ADDRESS
## *TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.*

YE gen'rous Youths who boast a Briton's name,
Alive to honour, and the blush of shame;
Shall GALLIA's slaves, who tremblingly obey
The haughty Corsican's relentless sway—
Who meanly cringe before his upstart throne,
Nor life, nor liberty, can call their own—
Dare to invade your smiling, happy Isle,
While LUST and RAPINE at their victims smile?
Dare to insult you with their vengeful ire,
Menace your harvests and your towns with fire?
To wrest from you the sceptre of the main,
Who basely kiss their Despot's iron chain?
Recall those heroes fam'd in days of old,
Your great Forefathers, hardy, free, and bold;
Recall those Chiefs, who nobly dar'd withstand
The base Oppressors of their Native Land;
Recall CARACTACUS's scythed car,
Who brav'd the terrors of a CÆSAR's war;
Recall great ALFRED's wise and awful ghost;
Recall great WALLACE. in himself a host;
Recall the Barons from fair Runnimede,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resign'd to bleed;
Recall the triumphs of ELIZA's reign,
The scourge of Philip and of haughty Spain?
Let not those Chieftains in oblivion lie,
Who oft have made the Gallic squadrons fly—
Who oft have made their trembling standards yield,
And dy'd with gore the long-remember'd field.
View your brave Prince, with sable shield and lance,
Whose feats surpass the pages of romance;
When Poictiers rivall'd Cressy's far-fam'd plains,
And hapless John almost forgot his chains;
Let the fifth HENRY, drawn by FANCY's hand,
Lead on his martial and heroic band;
Let Agincourt each British heart inspire,
And embryo Patriots catch the Warrior's fire.
See your lov'd daughters, beauteous as the morn,
A prey to infamy, to lust, and scorn;
See curst Bastiles o'er ev'ry hamlet, tower—
See vengeful harpies glut their love of power;
See the poor peasant plunder'd of his all,
And if he murmurs—meet the hostile ball:

See

See your fair towns in desolation laid,
And the fierce soldier to fresh carnage wade;
" Inur'd to blood, and nurs'd in scenes of woe,"
Your crafty, cruel, and vindictive foe,
Steel'd 'gainst the pleasures of the social bowl,
Or LOVE's soft fires, that melt the raptur'd soul:
His callous heart no gen'rous passions swell;
Within his breast REMORSE, nor PITY, dwell.
Go view at Jaffa (if you trust his word)
The pris'ners murder'd by his faithless sword;
Go view, where SMITH his daring feats display'd,
His soldiers poison'd, and his sick betray'd;
Go view, when Alexandria found her grave,
His troops forbade e'en helpless age to save:
View brave TOUSSAINT, transported cross the main,
Torn like a felon from Domingo's plain;
Torn from his home, his children, and his wife,
To close in fetters his eventful life.
View the Apostate steal from Egypt's sands,
The base deserter of his vet'ran bands:
His murd'rous dagger Pavia long shall weep;
He mocks her woes with—"DEATH's eternal sleep."
His broken faith let plunder'd Venice tell—
View how Batavia, how Helvetia fell;
Once bless'd like you, with all that life endears,
Abandon'd now to rapine, scorn, and tears!
Then, O my Country! must you feel the blow,
And be like, others, in your turn brought low?
Must you no more with gen'rous feeling beat,
Nor give MISFORTUNE a secure retreat?
Must all your social charities expire,
And your proud commerce feed the funeral fire?
Must you, renown'd for Probity and Laws,
Fam'd for your love of FREEDOM's glorious cause—
Must you relapse to what you were before,
A conquer'd province, and a barb'rous shore?—
No!—by those heroes, once your boast and pride,
Who oft for you have suffer'd, bled and dy'd—
By great NASSAU, by HAMPDEN's spotless shade;
By BRUCE, whose laurels Time can never fade;
By Egypt's shores, and by Aboukir's wave;
By ABERCROMBY's much-lamented grave;
By HOWE, by DUNCAN, by ST. VINCENT,s name;
By WOLFE's great spirit, and by MINDEN's fame;
By that high Honour, which you must bequeath,
By SYDNEY's scaffold, and by RUSSELL's wreath;

By

By the still pang indignant VIRTUE feels;
By the firm spirit which the Patriot steels:—
*Come when he will*—elate in frantic pride,
With vassal kingdoms crouching by his side—
Deck'd with the pageantry of Eastern State,
Tortur'd with restless and malignant hate—
Drunk with success, array'd in hostile form,
OLD ENGLAND'S Genius fearless meet the storm.
Tho' prostate Senates their anath'ma's pour—
Tho' abject Priests their impious flatt'ries show'r—
Tho' dastard Courts the gen'rous strife forbear,
The plunder'd dole of guiltless neighbours share—
She spreads her Ægis o'r a sinking world,
Firm and erect, while all in ruin's hurl'd;
Calls her brave sons to grasp the shining spear,
Arrest the tyrant in his wild career—
Calls her bold Youth to train the martial steed,
Nod the plum'd helmet, and the phalanx lead;
To grace the Poet and Historian's page,
Renown'd and honour'd to the latest age;
Again to rival Blenheim's glorious plain
While future MARLBRO's equal tropies gain;
Again immortalize in Hist'ry's fight,
Boyn's rapid stream, or Calpe's tow'ring height.
Still shall your NELSONS guide the Hardy Tar,
Teach him to wield the thunders of your war;
Extend the triumphs of your sea-girt Isle,
From frozen Denmark to the saltry Nile.
Still shall your shores a safe retreat afford,
From the wide havock of the Gallic sword;
Grant an asylum to Distress and Woe,
And shield each suff'rer from his ruthless foe;
Still shall your Merchants distant seas explore,
And at your feet the wealth of India pour;
Still shall your Press, that bulwark of your Laws,
Protect, as ever, injur'd Virtue's cause;
Admir'd, while envied, by surrounding Slaves,
The dread of Despots, and the scourge of Knaves.
But if decreed by HEAV'N that fall we must,
And what she wills, is ever right and just;
If doom'd to swell (ordain'd by angry FATE),
This modern ATTILA'S revengeful hate;
Then Europe's sun is set in endless night—
Then FAITH, then HONOUR, wing their hasty flight—
Then all the Ties of social life are o'er,
From Moscow's snows, to fair AUSONIA'S shore—

Then Gothic DARKNESS spreads its baleful shade—
Then ART, then LEARNING, Laws, and FREEDOM, fade!
For happier climes they hoist 'th indignant sail,
While savage FORCE and ANARCHY prevail—
While all the SCIENCE polish'd GREECE bestow'd
Of every Muse the once admir'd abode—
With all that GENIUS, all that TASTE inspire,
Sink in the flames to please a Despot's ire.
Long ere that moment let me meet my doom;
*Grant me* GREAT GOD, *the refuge of the tomb!*

W. J. DENISON Esq.

## A WORD OF ADVICE
TO THE
## SELF-CREATED CONSUL.

AS a plain man, permit me to give you a word of advise, if your arrogance and presumption have not put you above it. I was one of the number, who, but a few years back, was deceived by your alluring and specious pretensions, and then thought you a friend to mankind. I wish I could have found your conduct such as would have made me continue so; but your cruelties, your insatiable thirst for *extensive dominion, and arbitrary and overbearing power*, has raised up against you *enemies in every friend to Virtue, Truth, Religion, Morality, Order, Freedom and Independence.*

You set forward promising freedom to the world—Look at Holland, Switzerland, Helvetia. You caused the Tree of Liberty to be planted; but wherever it has taken root, it has produced the most baneful and deadly fruit. You *promised*, wherever you went, to treat the people with *humanity* and *mercy*—Look at the *Massacre of your Prisoners*, and the *Poisoning of many of your own Troops*; the remainder of whom you, in the most *cowardly* and *dastardly* manner, abandoned, in an ungenial and unhealthy clime. Your *Treachery*, in this instance, will be an eternal stigma upon you; and while your own minions may fawningly applaud your conduct, the Patriot Soldier will ever view it with infamy and disgrace.

You threaten to invade our country—you promise your soldiers the pillage of our property—to load them with the spoils of Englishmen—to abrogate our laws—to give us French fraternity—and to gratify their lustful passions with the violation of the chastity of our wives and daughters.—But here, THOU DESPOILER OF THE REPOSE OF THE WORLD, hast thou raised the dagger against thyself; the bloody weapon which thou wouldst carry to other nations, must (DREADFUL TO HUMANITY) recoil upon yours; and would to God upon YOU ONLY might be the fatal stroke.

The tameness, the tardy negligence of other nations, will not be found among *Englishmen:* they will ever be found at the post at the hour of danger; they will present to your front a MILLION OF FREE PEOPLE, armed in the cause of VIRTUE, ORDER, and MORALITY; acting as ONE MAN, and guided by ONE HEART, in defence of that KING, that CONSTITUTION which gives

EQUAL LAWS, and dispenses EQUAL HAPPINESS, to every subject. Compare this with a people borne down with the TYRANNIC HAND *of* ARBITRARY *and* DESPOTIC POWER; a people who have nothing left to fight for, and who are kept in order by the *Coercive Mandates* of an Usurper—the point of a bayonet, or the fear of being immured in loathsome dungeons. Look at a *mild* and *beneficent Sovereign*, reigning in the *hearts* of a *free people*, who are *rallying round his Standard for his defence*—and then see the *horrid reverse* of your own Case—*a Foreign Usurper*, flying like the *Leader of a Banditti of Plunderers* at unstated Periods, anticipating the deserts of his oppressive conduct.——Think of this, and know, what *must be the fact*, of your *deceived army* seeking in *France that Plunder* which was *not to be obtained from a free people.*

Wishing you an early enjoyment of all the happiness you may deserve in another world, I remain

ONE OF THE OLD MINORITY;
*But now one of the largest Majority ever leagued under the Banners of any Sovereign.*

## *ORIGINAL POETRY.*

### DEFIANCE TO BONAPARTE.

A NEW MARTIAL SONG.

*Tune "And a hunting we will go."*

OUR COUNTRY calls, in arms we rise
To guard fair Britain's isle;
While Freedom is the bliss we prize,
Each heart will mock at toil.
And a soldiering we will go, &c.

No haughty despot, e'er shall bend
Our free-born spirits low;
Our King and Country we'll defend,
And dare th' insulting foe.

In vain shall Gallia's slavish hosts
Attempt to make us fear;
We'll laugh at all their empty boasts,
Should madness drive them here.

We swear to conquer or to die;
No Briton can do less,
Who fondly turns affection's eye
On all that's form'd to bless.

Each social tie new warmth imparts—
Each object makes us brave,
Our Homes, our Loves, possess our Hearts,
Our Swords their Peace shall save.

Yes! from Invasion's deep disgrace
Our Land shall still be free:
The ancient maxim of our race,
Was—DEATH OR LIBERTY.

Our HARRYS, EDWARDS, call each son
To gallant feats of arms;
We'll eye the trophies they have won,
And give France fresh alarms.

By all those mighty chiefs, long dead,
By those our fathers knew;
By valiant MARLBRO's laurel'd head,
We swear our foes shall rue.

By him*, who fell on Egypt's shore,
By him†, with vict'ry crown'd,
We swear to tread the path once more
Where martial fame is found.

Still in the British bosom burn
The noblest, warmest fires;
Our youths inglorious ease we'll spurn,
And emulate our sires.

Then let us drink "*God save the King,*
*And bless the land we love,*"
And may each voice their honours sing,
Each arm their buckler prove.

MORVA.

* Sir Ralph Abercrombie. † Lord Nelson.

## PARODY.

*Adapted to the times, by Mr.* BALFOUR.

WHA wad at Bonaparte's nod,
Gi'e Malta up, an' a' that;
His conscript slaves we laugh to scorn,
An' dare be free for a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
Republic law, an a'that,
In Britain's vales her bairns find
Mair freedom far than a' that.

What

What tho' the Swiss ha'e hunker'd down,
An' kiss'd their looves an' a' that,
Let Dutch an' Don faint at his frown,
A Scot's a Scot for a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
His Hamburg Squibs an' a' that,
John Bull has breath to bla' a blast
Will answer him an a' that.

Yon little man, First Consul ca'd,
Frets, fumes, an' raves, an' a' that;
Tho' Frenchmen tremble at his word,
He's Corsican for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Reviews, Levees, an' a' that,
The free-born brave o' Britain's isle,
Can look an' laugh at a' that.

Tho' he can mak' Etrurian kings,
Popes, Cardinals, an a' that,
To rule the sea 's abeon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that.
For a' that an a' that,
Flat bottom'd boats an a' that,
Our wooden wa's an' British Tars,
Are nobler far than a' that.

Yet let us pray to see the day,
When Commerce smiles an a' that;
When War shall cease, an' gentle Peace
Shall beas the gree an a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
'Tis comin' yet for a' that,
When bluidy blades an' broken heads,
Shall banish'd be an a' that.

## SELECTED POETRY.

### THE CALENDAR OF VICTORY.

*By* Mr. T. Dibdin.

YE Son's of Old Albion, though humble my Muse,
To her *theme* your attention 'twere wrong to refuse;
Scarce a day in the month, nor a month in the year,
But your victories proudly recorded appear.

Dorry down, &c.

The

The first in the Year is a month rather cold,
When LANGARA was warm'd by our RODNEY so bold;
And the next month to that may be proud that its name
Stands with VINCENT and BLAKE in the Temple of Fame.

In March ABERCROMBY's great deeds we review,
With those of brave HOTHAM, and valiant PELLEW;
And Sir SID, who from Egypt made BONAPARTE run,
And clear'd a whole *Acre* of ten plagues in one!

In April all London was pleas'd at the News,
That the foe were well beaten by Admiral HUGHES;
While the very same day RODNEY open'd a school,
To prove ev'ry Frenchman an April fool.

BOSCAWEN, CORNWALLIS, and BRIDPORT, in June,
Taught our cap'ring neighbours to frisk to some tune;
And though well they got thrash'd, yet that wasn't the worst,
For by HOWE they were lather'd at last on the first.

With fervour to equal July may I sing,
How indebted for drubbing they stood to GEORGE BYNG;
This, too, was the month the Armada's fond brag,
Shar'd the fate of poor BONY's invincible flag.

Of laurels, in August, the crop is so vast,
And heroes and victories follow so fast;
To match Cressy and Blenheim in vain might we strive,
Were not MITCHELL, and NELSON, and PARKER alive.

It well may behove British hearts to remember,
The battle of Poictiers was fought in September;
And then, if for joy they can keep themselves sober,
Let Agincourt season each heart in October.

October, besides, the great valour proclaims,
Of BEMBOW, HAWKE, KEPPEL, most glorious names:
You may think I miss WARREN, indeed but I don't;
And if we forget DUNCAN, I'm sure the Dutch won't.

In November Earl WARWICK, a mettlesome fellow,
Beat the foe, just like VERNON, at fam'd Porto Bello;
And YORK's Duke in December, to keep up the sport,
Brought one hundred and thirty French sail into port.

As I've sung a full twelvemonth you'll think it too long,
If your names I should add, or more verse to my song;
Than only to say, that since glory has crown'd
Ev'ry month, may we still beat 'em all the year round.

THE

## THE SONS OF OLD ENGLAND.

*Tune—"To Anatreon in Heaven."*

YE Sons of Old England, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which, unstained, from your Sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended!
Though robb'd of mild peace,
May our nation increase
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece.

CHORUS.

For no Son of Old England shall e'er be a slave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

Whilst France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And Society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May Peace, like the dove that return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.
For though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our Sov'reignty, Justice, or Fame:
For no Son, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Has justly ennobled our nation in story;
But a proud haughty foe would obscure our bright day,
And blot out the sun of Britannia's glory.
Let invaders be told,
Tho' the Tyrant has sold
Our country to murder, and rob of its gold,
That no Son, &c.

Should the tempest of warfare continue to blow,
Its blasts can ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
Cornwallis and Nelson, like our late gallant Howe,
With our Tars will repulse all assaults of its thunder.
Foes assail us in vain,
Our fleets rule the main,
And our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For no Son, &c.

Our plains they are crown'd with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd;
And long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the land where it flourish'd.
Should invasion impend,
Britain's Sons would descend
From the plains and the mountains, their shores to defend.
For no Son, &c.

Let Fame to the world sound Britannia's voice,
No intrigue can her Sons from their liberties sever;
A King is their pride, and the laws are their choice,
Which will flourish till Liberty slumbers for ever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of all ocean and land,
That no Son of Old England will e'er be a slave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

## ODE
## ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

HARK! the battle's mingled hum
Echoes from the Gallic shore;
Sounds the "Spirit-stirring drum,"
Neighing steed, and cannon's roar.

Lo! what tempests gather round,
Black, and big with England's fate!
England, rouse thee at the sound;
Lo! the Gaul is at the gate;

Ere the shaft of War be sped,
Meet it, and prevent the blow:
Pow'rs of Europe, lend your aid
To destroy the common foe.

By the festering heaps that lie
Stretch'd on Hohenlinden's plain,
Haste to join thine old ally,
Austria, be thyself again.

By the ghosts of those that bled
On Marengo's fatal day,
Austria rise, revenge the dead!
Austria, wipe thy shame away.

Is Italia's sun of glory
Set; and shall it rise no more?
Romans, think of your proud story;
Emulate the deeds of yore.

See your temples by the foe
Plunder'd, nodding to their fall;
Red with blood your rivers flow:
Desolation covers all.

Sons of Othman's ancient line
Lift your crescents high in air:
Arabs, Copts, your squadrons join;
Swell the glittering ranks of war!

See the bones of Jaffa's slain
Heap'd and bleaching to the sky:
Sidney's powress shall again
Guide your arms to victory.

Think Batavians, how your sires
Once their chains of bondage broke;
Rouse, O rouse your ancient fires,
And shake off a heavier yoke.

Humbled Spain, where is thy pride?
Canst thou bend the vassal-knee?
See the nations all deride
Thy peerage and thy chivalry.

Russ', and thou his neighbour king,
Flourish high your flaming brand,
Each his dusky eagles bring
To pounce upon the guilty land.

Hear

Hear an exil'd Monarch groan—
(Lift your waving banners high)
Hurl a tyrant from his throne,
And succour fallen Majesty.

Nations—Britain leads ye on—
Each to join the lists prepare:
Rouse ye, ere the fight be done—
Hurry, hurry to the war.

*Monthly Magazine.*

## BONAPARTE & TALLEYRAND.

Said Bonaparte to Talleyrand,
"I England will invade Sir,
I will despoil that hated land,
And seize upon their trade, Sir;
Of plunder to my soldiers brave,
I will be very lavish,
And all the men I will enslave,
Their wives and daughters ravish."
With a fal lal, &c.

Said Talleyrand to Bonaparte,
"Beware how you go over,
For John Bull is so stout of heart,
He'll meet you Sir, at Dover;
And only think how he will fight,
For what he holds so dear Sir,
You'll find the advice I give is right,
Oh! do not venture there, Sir,"

Said Bonaparte—"why han't I beat
The German and the Dutchmen,"
Said Talleyrand—"full well you know,
The English are not such men;
That gallant land, with *single hand*,
Defies your power to shake her,
And e'er you step your foot on shore,
Pray think, good Sir, on *Acre*."

Said Bonaparte, all in a rage,
"I will wipe out that blot Sir,
I will once more their troops engage,"
Said Tal—"you'd better not Sir;
I rather fear they'll seek us here,
My council pray rely on,
*The Gallic Cock has crow'd so loud,*
*He's wak'd* the BRITISH LION."

"Methinks I hear his dreadful roar,
And see him shake his mane Sir,
And where he is—to go on shore,
Will prove you are insane Sir;
In ev'ry age we've been his sport,
Ah! go not, let me press ye,
Oh! think of Egypt, Agincourt,
Of Poictiers, and of Cressy."

But Bonaparte's resolv'd to brave,
And meet the British thunder,
And if he can't come *o'er* the waves,
He swears he will dive *under*;
Then Englishmen his vengeance dare,
And when he comes on land, Sirs,
We'll give the tyrant British cheer,
And *meet him Sword in Hand*, Sirs.

## THE BANTAM COCK.

COME listen every Lord and Lady,
Squire, Gentleman, and Statesman,
I've got *a little song* to sing,
About *a very great man!*
And if the name of BONAPARTE
Should mingle in my story,
'Tis with all due submission,
To his honour's worships glory.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The kindness of this philanthropic
Gentleman attending,
From shore to shore, Colossus like,
Their grievances amending,
To Britain would reach, if he could,
From fancied ills to save ye;
But tho' he likes us vastly well,
*He does not like our Navy!*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With Egypt once he fell in love,
Because it was a high road
To India, for himself and friends
To travel by a nigh road;
And after making mighty fuss,
And fighting night and day there,
'Twas vastly ungenteel of us,
*Who would not let him stay there,*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

A Nobleman was sent to him,
For negociation able,
And BONAPARTE kindly set,
Him down at his own table.
And in a story two hours long,
The Gentleman was heard in,
Whilst the Ambassador declar'd
He *could not get a word in.*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With Belles and Beaux the drawing-room
One morning it was quite full,
And BONA, like a *bantam-cock*,
Came crowing rather spiteful;
He then began to huff and bluff,
To shew that war his trade is;
He scolded all the Englishmen,
And frighten'd all the Ladies!!!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

From Malta next he took his text,
My Lord look'd rather blue on't.
For every trick the Consul had,
My Lord had one worth *two* on't:
Why, General, says he, s'death and fire,
Unless you cease these capers,
They'll publish every word you say
In all the English papers.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My Lord, says he, you needs must see,
I pity British blindness,
And wish to open all your eyes,
Out of pure love and kindness;
To make a generous people free,
My legions shall pell mell come,
What think you then? Why, Sir I think,
*They'd be more free than welcome.*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

When I come o'er, I'll make all Britons
Live in perfect bliss, Sir,
I'm sure they will receive me just
As kindly as the Swiss, Sir.
The odds a hundred are to one
I fail, tho' Fortune's minion;
Says our Ambassador to him,
*I'm quite of your opinion.*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My Lord, says he, I'll take the field;
*You'd better take the ocean,*
My plans are deep—*Why yes they'll reach*
*The bottom I've a notion.*
What would the English think to see
Me 'twixt Boulogne and Dover?
*Why, General, they'd surely think,*
*Your Worship half seas over!*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Your Government, I'll tame, says he,
Since war you are so fond on;
I've got my will in Paris here,
And wish the same in London;
I'll rule your great *John Bull!* says he,
I have him in the ring, Sir.
Says *John*, I'll not be rul'd by you,
Nor any such a *thing*, Sir.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then bring me flag invincible,
*A Scot took it long ago, Sir,*
For now, I think, your ships I'll sink,
And never strike a blow, Sir.
A clever man has found a plan,
A plan he's surely right in,
For if you beat the British fleet,
*It must not be at fighting.*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Quite frantic now, he vows revenge
The moment that he's landed;
And proudly boasts we cannot hope
To fight him single handed.
What, single handed, we can do,
His troops shall know full well soon,
For him, he learn'd it long ago,
From *single handed* NELSON.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Now, since their minds are quite made up,
Let me, on this occasion,
Make one request to Neptune, should
They dream of an Invasion:
*To bring them safely out of port,*
*On gentle billows guide them,*
*To where a set of British boys*
*May anchor close beside them.*
Bow, wow, wow, &c.